



Reading Toolkit: Grade 8 Objective 3.A.3.d

Student Handout: Reading: Grade 8 Objective 3.A.3.d

Standard 3.0 Comprehension of Literary Text

Topic A. Comprehension of Literary Text

Indicator 3. Analyze and evaluate elements of narrative texts to facilitate understanding and interpretation

Objective d. Analyze characterization

Assessment Limits:

Character's traits based on what character says, does, and thinks and what other characters or the narrator says

Character's motivations

Character's personal growth and development

Selected Response (SR) Item

Question

Read this passage titled '[Deliverance](#)' and answer the following questions. Circle the letter of the correct answer.

The words that *best* describe the narrator are—

- A. despairing and ready to quit
- B. anxious and struggling for control
- C. secure about and focused on a goal
- D. aware and appreciative of surroundings

Correct Answer

B. anxious and struggling for control

Question

Read this passage titled '[Deliverance](#)' and answer the following questions. Circle the letter of the correct answer.

The words that *best* describe the narrator are—

- A. despairing and ready to quit
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Handouts

Deliverance

by James Dickey
(Based on his novel)

I GOT TO THE BULGE AND THEN WENT UP OVER IT and planted my left foot solidly on it and found a good hold on what felt like a root with my right hand. I looked down.

²The top of the overhang was pale now, ten or twelve feet below. I turned and forgot about it, pulling upward, kneeling and toeing into the cliff, kicking steps into the shaly rock wherever I could, trying to position both hands and one foot before moving to a new position. Some of the time I could do this and each time my confidence increased. Often I could only get one handhold, but it was a strong one, and I scrambled and shifted around it until I could get a toe into the rock and pull up.

The problem-interest of it absorbed me at first, but I began to notice that the solutions were getting harder and harder: the cliff was starting to shudder in my face and against my chest. I became aware of the sound of my breath, whistling and humming crazily into the stone: the cliff was steepening, and I was laboring backbreakingly for every inch. My arms were tiring and my calves were not so much trembling as jumping. I knew now that not looking down or back — the famous advice to people climbing things — was going to enter into it. Panic was getting near me. Not as near as it might have been, but near. I concentrated everything I had to become ultrasensitive to the cliff, feeling it more gently than before, though I was shaking badly. I kept inching up. With each shift to a newer and higher position I felt more and more tenderness toward the wall.

⁴Despite everything, I looked down. The river had spread flat and filled with moonlight. It took up the whole of space under me, bearing in the center of itself a long coiling image of light, a chill, bending flame. I must have been seventy-five or a hundred feet above it, hanging poised over some kind of inescapable glory, a bright pit.

⁵I turned back into the cliff and leaned my mouth against it, feeling all the way out through my nerves and muscles exactly how I had possession of the wall at four random points in a way that held the whole thing together.

⁶It was about this time that I thought of going back down, working along the bank and looking for an easier way up, and I let one foot down behind me into the void. There was nothing. I stood with the foot groping for a hold in the air, then pulled it back to the place on the cliff where it had been. It burrowed in like an animal, and I started up again.

⁷I caught something — part of the rock — with my left hand and started to pull. I could not rise. I let go with my right hand and grabbed the wrist of the left, my left-hand fingers shuddering and popping with weight. I got one toe into the cliff, but that was all I could do. I looked up and held on. The wall was giving me nothing. It no longer sent back any pressure against me. Something I had come to rely on had been taken away, and that was it. I was hanging, but just barely. I concentrated all my strength into the fingers of my left hand, but they were leaving me. I was on the perpendicular part of the cliff, and unless I could get over it soon, I would just peel off the wall.